THE WIZARD DUCK
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Rutherford: Zappy, I need you down here right away.

Zappy: I'm here.

Rutherford: I need you to go to Weather Land and stop a little boy named Stormy using magic, without any adults.

In Weather Land, you will be Zappy Thunderquack.

Zappy: Bring it on!

Rutherford: The time has come—here's a magic hat, a cap, and a wand. Use them wisely.

Zappy: Sweet, I mean, I will.

Rutherford: when you get there you only quack like a duck you'll have stormy

put spell on you so you can communicate with each other

Zappy: Quack, I’m not a fan of quack, but it’s fine.

Rutherford: Good, on the way with you. Here’s the magic book—don’t let Stormy see it, it’s far too powerful for him.

Zappy: I can put a parental lock on the book.

Rutherford: Not a bad idea.

Zappy has now become Weather Land.

Zappy spots a little kid and quacks at him to get his attention.

Stormy: Hello, Duck

Zappy: Quack, quack.

Stormy: I love your clothes, you magical duck. I'll put a spell on you so we can communicate better.

Stormy; say something duck?

Zappy: Hello, I'm Zappy Thunderquack, at your service.

Stormy: Hello Zappy, I'm Stormy Malladore.

Stormy: Hide in here, the master wizard is coming, and he must not see you.

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: Stormy time start the lessons, and I want you to create a small rainstorm right there.

Stormy: yes, oh great!

The storm hit, and disaster struck.

A golden bolt of lightning hit his castle and out sprang Zappy Thunderquack.

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: Who do we have here.

Zappy: I'm Zappy Thunderquack, and I sent Rutherford Silvanus.

I was sent to keep Stormy out of weather magic trouble, being a beginner and all.

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: Zappy, you'll be responsible for making sure he stays out of trouble.

Zappy: I'd love to. Can I see you for a moment alone?

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: yes what is it

Zappy: I'll use magic to put a parental lock on this enchanted book so Stormy can't get into it.

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: Yeah, why didn't I think of that? He'd never get into it, plus the alarm would go off to let me know

right away if he touched the book. Let's see, in this book you attend to Stormy.

Zappy: I’m back and ready to do something fun, even if it’s stormy.

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: Zappy, a word, means you won’t be allowed to touch this book either.

Zappy: I can’t carry it, anyway.

Stormy: what we talking about?

Zappy: nothing just a bible Balthazar you put alarm parental lock me too?

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: Yup!

Zappy: Can I have something besides a wand? I can’t carry it, but I can wear it around my neck.

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: This wand is too powerful, but it also comes with an alarm and a parental lock.

Zappy: I understand and am ready to play something stormy.

stormy: I'm not quite sure what a parental lock is.

Balthazar Ancient Moonstone: An adult doesn't want a kid or duck touching something they're too young for.

You two better stay out of trouble, alright? I'll be keeping an eye—and ear—on everything.

Stormy’s gave a restless twitch. "Honor code? Parental locks?" they muttered, their voice a low rumble like distant thunder. "Sounds like a whole lot of 'stay away from the fun stuff' to me."

Balthazar and Zappy were huddled together, whispering about digital barriers and "appropriate content." To Stormy, it sounded like they were guarding a dragon’s hoard of secrets.

"I better get a closer look at what I'm 'not allowed' to touch," Stormy thought, creeping forward on silent talons. "If it's dangerous, I should probably be the one to zap it first... just to be safe."

Stormy uses a tiny bit of magic to create the illusion of a floating cracker rolling across the floor. As Zappy’s head spins around to follow the "treat," Stormy slips into the shadows

Stormy’s eyes widened. This wasn't just a screen; it was a thick, leather-bound tome that pulsed with a faint, violet light. Resting atop the cover was a Wand carved from a single piece of obsidian, humming with a frequency that made Stormy’s feathers stand on end.

Stormy’s heart hammered against their ribs like a trapped bird. With Zappy busy lecturing Balthazar on the virtues of "duck-decency," Stormy finally stood before the prize.

The Parental Lock wasn't a keypad; it was a swirling vortex of silver mist hovering right above the book's spine. The Wand lay inches away, vibrating with a low, rhythmic thrum that matched Stormy's own pulse.

"No code, no problem," Stormy whispered, the tips of their fingers crackling with rogue sparks

Stormy’s eyes narrowed as the wand pulsed in their grip. It wasn't just a book of spells—it was a Holy Bible, ancient and heavy, humming with a power that made the "Parental Lock" look like a child's toy.

"A Bible?!" Stormy hissed, feeling the weight of the Sacred Text. "Zappy’s been acting like he's the guardian of some dark secret, and it’s actually this? How dare he say I'm not ready for this!"

The Honor Code felt like a cage. Zappy and Balthazar were still over there, acting like they were the only ones allowed to touch the Word.

Zappy puffed out his chest, adjusting a ruffled feather before speaking, his voice quivering slightly under Stormy's intense gaze.

"The... the Bible has many stories on powerful men," Zappy stammered, pointing a wing at the heavy tome. "Men with great strength, men who could command oceans, men who built huge ships! Balthazar just wanted to make sure we were all ready for those lessons."

He quickly looked to Balthazar for backup.

"It's about maturity, Stormy," Balthazar added gently, his moonstone eyes focused on the glowing book. "The power in these stories is immense. We didn't want you touching the raw energy of these tales without understanding the context. You could accidentally flood the hallway or summon a very confused lion!"

Stormy gripped the wand tighter, the silver mist around their wrist dissipating. The book wasn't just a book; it was a conduit of epic narratives and raw, historical power.

"So you were protecting me from... stories?" Stormy asked, a hint of awe mixing with their indignation.

Stormy’s eyes narrowed, shifting from the heavy book to the Magic Wand still vibrating in their grip. The obsidian wood felt alive, humming with a frequency that seemed to talk back to the electricity in Stormy’s own veins.

"Wait a minute," Stormy muttered, lifting the wand level with Zappy’s beak. "You said 'wand.' If this is just a book of stories about powerful men, then why does this stick feel like it could crack the sky open? What is so special about this specific wand?"

Zappy took a nervous step back, his webbed feet slapping against the floor. Balthazar’s "Ancient Moonstone" glowed a panicked shade of blue.

"That wand isn't just for show, Stormy!" Zappy squawked. "It’s a Conduit! It doesn't just read the stories; it can manifest them. You wave that thing around while reading about the Parting of the Red Sea, and we’re going to need a lot more than a mop for this carpet!"

Stormy looks at the wand, then back at the Bible.

"The stick!" Zappy squawked, his wings flapping in a frantic blur. "That's the Staff of Moses! It’s the very thing used for the Parting of the Red Sea!"

Balthazar leaned in, his voice dropping to a cautious whisper. "He's right, Stormy. In the Book of Exodus, that 'stick' held the power to push back the entire ocean so thousands could walk through on dry land. It's not just a wand; it's a Relic of Authority."

Balthazar let out a long, heavy sigh, the moonstone around his neck fading from a panicked blue to a weary gray. He rubbed his temples and looked Stormy straight in the eye.

"Okay, Stormy... the truth," Balthazar admitted, his shoulders dropping. "It’s just a stick. A regular, polished piece of wood. It doesn't part seas, and it doesn't have a soul."

Zappy stopped flapping and looked at the floor, suddenly very interested in his own webbed feet.

"We just... we wanted you to get interested in Moses," Balthazar continued gently. "We thought if we called it a 'Magic Wand' and put a 'Parental Lock' on the Bible, you'd be dying to know what was inside. We figured if we made it look like a forbidden secret, you'd actually want to read about the powerful men and the miracles."

Stormy stood frozen, holding the "magic" stick that was now just a plain old branch. The "Parental Lock" mist was probably just a cheap Illusion Spell Balthazar had cooked up to make things look exciting.

Stormy looked at the plain wooden stick in his hand, then back at the "Parental Lock" that was nothing more than a fading puff of smoke. A slow, lopsided grin spread across his face.

"I gotta hand it to you, Balthazar," Stormy chuckled, tossing the stick up and catching it. "You actually did make a regular old branch look pretty exciting. I almost expected the floor to turn into water."

Balthazar smiled, his moonstone glowing with a warm, steady light. "That’s the secret, Stormy. Everything has a spark if you look at it the right way. Even the lessons I teach you could be exciting—if you stop looking at them as 'rules' and start seeing them as Adventures."

Zappy nodded vigorously, his feathers finally settling. "See? No monsters, no forbidden magic—just Epic Stories about guys who changed the world!"

Stormy sat down and pulled the heavy book toward him, the "lock" completely gone. "Alright, Balthazar. You win this round. If this Moses guy is as 'stormy' as you say he is, I want to hear about the Ten Plagues. That sounds like my kind of chaos

Stormy set the plain wooden stick down on the table, no longer needing the illusion of a "magic wand" to feel the spark of the moment. He realized that Balthazar wasn't trying to control him; he was trying to show him that knowledge is the real power [1].

"I guess I don't need a fake lock to keep me interested," Stormy admitted, leaning over the Open Bible. "If a guy like Moses could stand up to a king with nothing but a stick and some Faith, that’s a lesson worth learning" [1, 3].

Balthazar patted Stormy’s shoulder, his moonstone shining with pride. "Exactly. The Honor Code isn't about what you're allowed to do—it's about who you choose to be when you realize how much power you truly have" [2].

Even Zappy the Duck seemed satisfied, waddling over to tuck the "magic" stick back into the umbrella stand. The room felt different now; the tension had evaporated like mist, replaced by the quiet, steady hum of a story waiting to be told. Stormy had learned his lesson: the most Exciting Adventures aren't hidden behind locks—they're found when you're brave enough to look for the Truth yourself.

In a surprising twist, as the lesson concludes, a warm, golden light begins to shimmer around Zappy the Duck. This isn't Balthazar’s moonstone magic or Stormy’s static electricity—it’s a Heavenly Glow that smells like fresh rain and clover.

A gentle but firm voice echoes through the room, calling Zappy's true name. It seems his time as a "Guardian Duck" on earth has reached its end. Zappy has been called home to Heaven (or "Rutherford," as his celestial nest is known.

Balthazar and Stormy stand in the quiet room, looking at the empty spot where their friend once stood. Zappy didn't just leave behind a "stick"—he left a Legacy of Faith and a very curious storm cloud who finally understands the truth.

Should Stormy and Balthazar say a final goodbye prayer, or do they find a parting gift Zappy left behind in the Bible?

That’s a wrap on our "stormy" tale! By leaving the ending to the readers, you’ve given the story its own kind of Magic and Mystery.

Does Zappy leave behind a golden feather as a bookmark in the Bible, or does Stormy look up at the next thunderstorm and see a duck-shaped cloud smiling back? The choice belongs to whoever turns the final page

THE END